THE WAYSIDS INN.

- ne Host-it was an apple tree-le smilingly received me, d spread his choicest, sweetest fruit b strengthen and relieve me.
- Pull many a little feathered guest Came through his branches springing. They hopped and flew from soray to spray, Their notes of gladness singing.
- ath his shade I laid me down, And alumber sweet possessed me; The soft wind blowing through the leaves With whispers low caressed me.
- And when I rose and would have paid
 My host so open bearted.
 He only shook his lofty head—
 I bless'd him and departed.

UHLAND. ELEANOUR.

A TALE OF NON-PERFORMERS.

Eleanour had passed the first flush of rampant, bois-terous youth, being very nearly twenty-eight years of age; and as she was neither a beauty nor a fortune, few people took the trouble to tell her that she did not look so much.

A thoughtful expression, an easy figure, and a pair of fine eyes, constituted her chief outward claims to notice; but then she was a widow, and one who had also been a mother,—it was felt that they were quite sufficient for any purpose her life could now

she had a convenient income, got neath, and a telerably whole heart; since, although her marriage had undoubtedly been one of affection, it had not perhaps yielded the entire fruition of happiness anticipated. It had been entered into after a brief acquaintanceship, and under peculiar circumstances. The single child which had been born to her had dien informer, and there had then hear for the property of the period of nfancy; and there had then been five years of nterrupted companionship with an amiable, or-ary young man, who attended to his profession ary young man, who attended to his profession gently, took his recreations punctually, loved wife sincerely, and ate his dinner heartily. His hes had always been moderate, and his habits pectable,—since he had a comfortable home and recellent business he asked no more; his ambited in the compact of the same of the compact of the same of the

large was warm; and of knowledge of the world had none whatever. That would have taught her to be duly content the the comfortable roof which abeltered her, with modest luxury of her surroundings, with the motest luxury of her surroundings, with the motest luxury of her surroundings, with the modest luxury of her surroundings, far more solid, gible benefits, than congeniality of taste and memory of purpose. As it was, she had just sense bugh to keep her longing for such fripperies out sight; and to accept her lot without asying to yllving creature that it had disappointed her. Nothing had been less dreamed of, less anticipathan the carly and sudden death which had left, at twenty-five, a widow; and astonished and tray as she had then felt, it was not all at once at she could realize the absolute termination of at episode in her history which had seemed so de, so immutable, and for which she had been so unifestly unit. It had been still more of a shock mas sorrow.

fixed 'so immutable, and for which she had been so manifestly unit. It had been still more of a shock than a sorrow.

The however, did his work with marvellous rapidity. In spite of herself, the glow returned to Eleanour's cheek, and light to her eye, almost too soon a rad in spite of the yealous guard maintained over the past, it might have been observed that, with the sense of grief and loss, other feelings had indubitably mingled.

Elsanour could not pretend a part; but, luckily for her, one was not needed.

No suspicions had ever entered the breasts of the four pretty sisters over whom it was ordained that she alculd return to hold vice-maternal sway. Their mother had died many years before; and on the return of the widow to her early home at the expiration of her married life, she found Kate, aged twenty-me. IJulia, twenty, Pass and Dot, respectively seventeen and fifteen, all inclined to look upon her in the light of a parent, obey her edicts without hesitation, and regard her with an affection in which respect was largely mingled.

The emancipation of the younger two from school-room bondage, and the advancement of the elder ones to maturer years, made no difference in the position thus at first established. Eleanour was guide, guardian, connsellor,—and to their father they were not one-half so submissive.

Hr. Crichton did not, indeed, exact submission. He was an indulgent, easy-going man, who, although he had not opposed his eldest daughter's choice, had been afterward as well pleased as deeney would permit that the union should be disolved by death, and that he should hear no more about it.

His son had made a far more guitable match,—and

on had made a lar more dependent of impor-der had two fine boys. That was of impor-He had but one son; and if Alexander had himself away or had been childless, it would seen a terrible business. But Eleanour was me of the girls; and as matters had turned

have been a terrible business. But Eleanour was only one of the girls; and as matters had turned out, no great harm had been done.

He had now all his family about him again, and he liked that. He could walk over to Alexander's—it was but two miles—sit for half an hour, pursue his way, and he home in time for dinner, with the agreeable feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had searcely cost him an effort.

When the boys were old enough, he would send them to school at his own expense; until then he could supply them with barley-sugar drops; and even if he were obliged to lay down his newspaper now and them of a morning to listen to some little clamorer who had teddled to his knee, he found himself able to do it with a tolerably good grace. In short, he was a mildly selfish nonentity, who, as long as nobody interfered with him, interfered with nobody, and whom the rolid annoyance of an ill-cocked dumer, or a hopelessly bad day, caused to it it be sean that he was not the entirely good tempered man he was generally given out to be.

This happening only occasionally, however, the humony which prevailed in the family circle was but seldom rufiled.

The younger sisters grew prettler, gayer, more blooming and buoyant, year by year; the eldest tended the flock, exulted in them and domineered over them;—within three years of her return, and when she was, as we have said, about twenty-eight years old, her monarchy was absolute.

"What would they do without her?" cried Ceol, Alexander's blithe, busy young wife. "She is mother and more to those girls. Without Eleanour they would be lost."

It was time, however, that some of the fair maids, who were really now in the prime of their youth

It was time, however, that some of the fair maids, who were really now in the prime of their youth and beauty, should take flight from the paternal nest, and be the ornaments of other spheres.

"Dot is growing very pretty," said Cecil one day

espour, apart. ery pretty." he looks nearly as old as Kate."

ather awkward all four of them being out,'

"Io-co."

L-I expected, Eleanour, did not you! that—all—the sider ones would not have been at home—when Prass and Dot grew up."

On which followed a solemn maternal conclave, second and secret, but not without results, as we shall see. Cacil's checks were burning when it came to m and at last, and she could scarce for hear dareing along the read as she ran home to her sincks. Eleanour had miled on her suggestion.

Eleanour's smile had seemed at once to stamp it with authority; for the brother's wife was to the full as much impressed with belief in the awful majesty of our dark-haired autocrat, as were any of the party; she had felt that if she could venture to whisper to Eleanour the dear delightful idea which had come into her hend, and if Eleanour would only approve, it might actually come to mean something. What the idea was will soon appear. It was not many days after ere she flew into the morning-room, where all were assembled, and panted forth, regardless of their presence—

days after ere she fiew into the morning-room, all were assembled, and panted forth, regard-fiber prosence—
h. Nelly dear, he is really coming!"
anour frowned. The young ones would be enneed—and this was strong most for men, not
for babes. Her quiet "Who is coming!" car-

ig in its tone. Cecil's "Oh, my brother," followed by y I teld you, Nelly," without its due If irother Anthony. Yes, I know of course," unspection being thus restored, she could now, ut fear, show interest and cordinlity. "You be plassed, indeed, Cecil. How long is it since

have met?"

Ince before were were married—before we were
cargaed. Eleanour! Think of that! Alexanus never seen Anthony—never once."

In the is coming home for good?"

is, for good. He is on his way now, and he is
as Blatchworth. It is Blatchworth that has
the him: we skendd never have seen his dear
or years and years, I daressay, if he had had no
to come to; but now that Blatchworth is his
poor John?"

to as great an extent as she could wish, grew taci-

to as great an extent as she could wish, grew tacitum.

"Of course I am glad, my dear," he was at length driven to affirm with unnecessary emphasis; "but you make—hum—so very sure of it. You never let one hear of anything else. And how can you tell that a hundred things may not turn up to stop your brother?"

"Cruel man, to try to damp me?"

"I am not damping you, as you call it—only preventing your being overmuch vexed and disappointed if anything should happen. And lots of things might happen, you know, if you would only allow yourself to take them into account. Anthony is an uncertain fellow—"

"And would never dream of putting himself about, I should say, in order to be here to a set time. Suppose the weather is disagreeable—as it has been abominably squally lately—ten to one he would wait till it was more settled. Or he may take a fancy for a peep at the seat of war by the way. It is a mistake to reckon on a man who has no ties."

"Ah, but he has ties? He has me and Oliver."

"Brothers and sisters don't go for much."

"He has Blatchworth."

"That is more to the purpose; Blatchworth will draw him to Blatchworth, undoubtedly. But Blatchworth being a thing, not a person—a thing virhout feeling or expectation, incapable of hurling reproaches—it can very well wait. Blatchworth can hardly be called a tie."

"You want him to form a tie!" Ask him here!" He must have been marvellously obtuse, for it is certain the idea

can hardly be called a tie."

"You want him to form a tie!" quickly. "Ask him here." He must have been marvellously obtuse, for it is certain the idea fell on him like a thunderclap.

"Of course I am thinking of your sisters, dear." She was laughing and blushing now, delighted to be able to say out at last what had been burning in her bosom unsuspected before. "Why, Alexander, where have your wits been not to find me out till now? Listen, then: he must admire their fair hair and blue eyes, and surely one of them will be compliant enough to be fascinated by his becaté du diable. Don't you think so? Don't you see how likely it is? Oh" cried Cecil, clasping her hands, "indeed I have set my heart upon it?"

The ice thus broken, it was impossible for the warm-hearted creature not to recur to the matter with fervor and frequency. True, it was no longer the mere arrival of her brother which filled her imagination; it was his future, the life which lay before him. Since her husband was now in the secret, there was no further occasion for the reticence which had at first embittered her exultation; there was no need to stop short and turn away when her fancy grew too busy for prudence. Accordingly, even such brief respites were not at last accorded him; and, to confess the truth, from being sick of the subject, he grew sore on it.

"We must have him here at once," she would say a dozen times of a fhorning.

"That depends on whether he will come," said Alexander, at length.

"Well, no. I don't care particularly," confessed the unfortunate husband, driven to say it at last. "A fellow can't be expected to care about that sort of thing. Tell me when he is to be here, and I'll do whatever you want—that is to say, I'll "—great effort of hospitality—"I'll meet him myself with the dog-cart."

"Ceil was satisfied, and he was praised and thanked.

"And you said that we had asked them both, Alexander?"

"Of comparison with his first properties," of the search o

"Eleanour," he said aside; "you see I have got to have these fellows It is a pity, but I cannot help it."

"Why a pity?"

"On account of the girls, I mean."

"Oh, on account of the girls?"

"These men will be over here whenever they can, and I can do nothing to prevent it. The shooting is execrable—they will soon find that out; and then they will want metal more attractive. Ceell will encourage them, naturally; but you must do what you can on the other side. Don't let the girls go anywhere without you. I hate philandering."

He did not reflect that he, as well as the sister he was speaking to that philandered to some purpose, but felt relieved by having said so much.

"Now she will be on her guard," he thought; but it is anthony, except that he was sent out into the world to seek his fortune; and saince he was never likely to find it, the fortune, like Mahomet's mountain, comes to him. Asprecious mess he will make of a fine property, if he is the fellow I take him to be. And Cecilito talk about his beauté du diable."

He thought he could have stood all the rest; but that beauté du diable rang in his cars, and filled his sonl with disguist and apprehension.

Suspense, however, was not added to his woes.

On the following Tuesday, the day before they were expected, the brothers made their appearance, without summoning either himself or his dog-cart, and with the simple apology that, as they had found they could come, they had. He came upon them accidentally in the hall as he was passing through; they were hanging their hats on the stand; and instead of the block of luggage which had been an ugly vision before his mind's eye from the first—instead of the straps and wraps, sticks and umbrellas, and vast iron-bound, sea-going chests, which had been an aperpetual anticipation and irritation—he beheld twa medium-sized portmanteaus, and two equally moderate and modest-looking guncases.

Even as he shook hands he was betrayed into an involuntary "Is that all?"

Even as he shook hands he was betrayed into an involuntary "Is that all?"

"All? Well, yes," said Anthony, looking about him. "Noll had a rug, but we lost it. Holloa! How are the infants?"

That introduction over, they strolled away for a smoke in the garden, and the whole affair of the

moke in the garden, and the whole affair of the secting was over.

Where was Cecil? Gone in quest of her husband, and he was left standing in the hall to collect himself, having muttered some excuse for so doing. He must be alone for a single minute to review the round he stood on.

So this was Anthony—the Anthony than whom sothing and no one clse had been talked about for he last month—whose likings and dislikings, whims, fancies and boyish rolles had been resounted over and over—whose prospects and future ife had been expatiated on—till he was inclined to unre his very name. This was the here for whom sothing, in his doting sister's opinion, was good mough; and who, he had forescen all along, would begit at once to make himself at home and disagreeable.

greeable.

At home he certainly did appear to be; but he had not so he been offennive. As for the besuit du diable, as soon as he recollected it. Cooli was hunted all over the house to hear that her brother was only a great course-looking backwoodsman.

But had been dreaming, or hearing him, about anthony's appearance. Oliver, to be sure, was well emough) he supposed some people would call him

"Awfully"
But why, if he did, did he rise the next minute, and throw himself half out of the open window beside which Eleanour sat just behind a silver streak of mocalight? He was not thinking that he liked being sung to. I fancy his meditations were rather of this sort: "What an ass a failow makes of him-

something, considering the life he had not that he did look a gentleman, albeit a plain and uncouth one.

Plain I Cecil fired at the word. Plain She did not know what he meant. She had never promised him a common, everyday, pretty face; if he had expected a pink and white complexion and pencilled eyebrows, it was not her fault. Anthony's appearance was all that she wanted for her part; and she must beg to tell him that no woman liked dolly-faced men. Anthony's dark locks and swarthy, sunburnt brow would find admirers in plenty. If he was ugly, he was delightful. And so on and so on, diverging to right and left of the argument, as Mrs. Cecil was apt to do.

However, she was too happy to be quarrelsome. The dear' boys! She followed their gray figures with her eye until they were lost to view; and before night she was crowned with full content; for she had assured herself that her only source of anxiety was groundless. The master of Blatchworth had still a heart to offer.

He had actually arrived at her door, hale, hearty and disengaged; and at the end of her solemn exhoration on the duty of remaining so no longer, professed himself inclined to see it in the same light. And she had surely extended some of her sisterly cares to Noll. It was disgraceful if Noll did not turn into a Benedict now that he had got that fifteen hundred pounds out of Annt Maris. What could a fellow like Noll do with lifteen hundred pounds?

"For heaven's sake, Cia," cried the careful deer in the dear in the de

self when he can't do any thing to help off an evening! If it is to be always like this when I go any where, I had better stay at home. This xirl, this widow, is laughing at me in her sleeve, I suppose. My ill-linck has sent me her way again. I did not see her till it was too late."

He was surprised that she did not address him; that he was let alone to choose his own entertainment; and by and by he could even feel inclined to enjor the beauties of the scene without. A full mean was reflected in the still water of the bay; was lighting up the innumerable herring-boats, whose brown sails were stretched motionless to dry; and was every now and then shedding its beams upon a rocky promentery or islet, which would for the moment stand out from the darkness of the land shadow, and become the central glory of the picture.

It was beautiful, it was delightful. He bethought himself of other such scenes he had witnessed—of nights beneath the starry skies of Egypt, or amid the gorgeous forests of Cashmero—of the peace of great wildernesses, and the solemn stilness of midocean. In a pause of his reverie came the clash of a chorus from within—and it sounded a discord intolerable.

Involuntarily he turned to frown; so did Eleanour; and their eyes met. "Jove, she has a fine pair!" cried Anthony to himself. But as she was star-guzing also, they did not interrupt each other—they did not even exchange a passing comment.

By and by, however, Cecil took her naughty boy

other—they did not even exchange a passing comment.

By and by, however, Cecil took her naughty boy to task. "You might at least have paid the girls the compliment of thanking them, though you would not listen, my dear brother."

"What should I thank them for ?"

"Their singing, of course?"

"They did not sing to please me;—and I would very much rather they had not sung at all. It speilt my evening."

"What did you want to do?"

"Nothing—watch the moon."

"I saw you; but that is Eleanour's prerogative, poor dear. She won't be grateful to you for disturbing her."

"I did not disturb her—and she did not disturb me."

"We was a presented to held no communication. could a fellow like Noll do with fifteen hundred pounds?

"For heaven's sake, Cis." cried the careful elder brother. "get him a wife, or he'll go to the devil with it!"

"Hush, hush! you must not talk like that."

"I didn't mean," said Anthony penitently. "I say, one gets into a rough way of talking, knocking about the world; don't you mind, I'm going to stop it."

"Is aw you; but that is Eleanour's preregative, poor dear. She won't be grateful to you for disturbing her."

"I did not disturb her—and she did not disturb me."

"No; you appeared to hold no communication. But still, I do assure you, she would prefer your going off with the others."

"But it he others go off, without me?"

"Oh, now." thought she 'I understand." But she must read that out some thing that he could do some thing that he could do the she was a sure that he should be absolutely unable to take part in anything else.

Oliver was so clever, so hand, such a favorite, that it was really almost a pity that he should have no Blatchworth to make it possible for him to become a favorite to any purpose. He would, to be sure, have been puzzled which fair one to besiege, such was his devotion to all; Kate sang his songs, Julia used his pencils, Puss wore his cricket-ribbon, and Dot played with his mallet: but that difficulty could have been overcome; and for a penniless younger son who could do no more, he was certainly right to mete out his attentions with such admirable impartiality. Why, with half his susceptibility, was he not Anthony; or why could Anthony not cated a spark from the flame? So cold, or so cautions, which was it?

"Quite anti-matrimoullain the plenitude of his good that the chance of saying we had had him here in order to knock up a match."

He had thought of this too late. Had it cecurity in a house; but I should not have come to nought, could; and since it is so, I may say, I suppose, that I for one am not sorry. Not but what I like your brother. He is a queer fellow, and no trouble at all in a house; but I should not have come to nought, could have given him no peace; and, as matters had turned out, he was not sorry on the whole that she should be quieted so effectially. Nothing but this brother's presence and indifference would have knocked her care for his welfare on the head; but now she would perhaps see that he might be trusted to look after it for himself.

Neither did have been owe

not disturb her, he had something in his pocket, he was very anxious to—to—. He was awfully sahamed of himself; he was afraid it would only bore her. She thought she was never to find out what was the meaning of such stammering and blushes.

At last, however, all was plain. A packet was produced, and it appeared that it contained an original manuscript; something he had once written, scarcely with a view to publication, more as a vent for his own ideas on the subject, than for any other purpose. Still he yearned for an opinion on its merits, and hers was the first he had ever been able to make up his mind to seek.

original manuscript; something he had once witten, scarcely with a view to publication, more as a vent for his own ideas on the subject, than for any other purpose. Still he yearned for an opinion on lats merita, and hers was the first he had ever been able to make up his mind to seek.

She could not but be flattered, interested, eager, now flat a the understood the honor bestowed on her. What would it prove? Would it be good? Would it be worthy her praise? Would it be worthy of more than hers?

All alacrity and expectation, she gave her assent, and threw herself on the turf to listen. How now? Where is flown the austere stately Eleanour, whose measured tread appals the timid stranger, and whose calm serenity rebukes the frivolous? The have transfigured Anthony's auditor; and none of this is lost on him. He finds in the moment a wondrous fascination. He experiences a strange charm in making this companion the first recipient of his hidden delights. They have solaced him in his rough hut on the prairies, and necompanied him to his hammock on the broad ocean; escaped perils by see and land; but never been submitted to mortal eye or ear, till now.

Of all people in the world, he is the least likely to be suspected of such pursuits. Why, he cannot even act a charade, or bellow a chorus! Why, Oliver has done more than one neat likely thing for the papers, and it was he who was chosen to send up that capital account of the football-match, which was thought see well one, your remember? Ceell sent for six copies; and the housemaids were not allowed to have them till after they had lain for months on her boudoir shelf. But no one would ever ask Anthony to indite even an advertisement, His letters are nothing, and he doesn't tall you thus a contract of the football-match, which was thought see well and he had it been possible, he would now almost have early by his side, he hums and haws and he sittles.

"Now do go on." She has to implore at length.

"Shall I really?"

"You must not be hard on me."

"Shall I really?"

"Yo been in this country for six years; and though I have heard of this, I never came (across any people who played."

"You will find a rage for it everywhere this Summer."

"Oh, I shall play, I suppose; I shall get into it by and by. Are you a great hand!"

"If Oh, no," said Eleanour with a faint smile II know no more of it than you do."

"Unexpected consolation; he raised himself on his elbow to look into her face. "You don'ssay so!"

"I like to come here while they are playing, and listen to their voices and have them all about me," continued the elder sister in her hen-motherly fashion; "it makes a pretty sight; and it is such good exercise for the girls too."

"Meantime you read!"

"Yes."

"May I look? Coleridge. That's odd."

"Odd!" said Eleanour, warmly. "Odd, to read Coleridge!"

"Odd that you should be reading the 'Ancient Mariner,' inst when I fancied myself to be like him.'

"Oh—? Indeed—?"

"Behindhand with the world. Not 'in it,' as they say on the turf. Rather a fool, you know."

"Beeause you cannot play croquet?"

"Pahaw!" said Anthony, shortly. "You will find there are other things I cannot do besides that."

"And do you really mind!"

"I am not 'sure if I do, or not. I hate the thing; but you see if all the rest are at it—." She thought she understood, and was not ill-pleased.

Naturally he did not enjoy being left out in the cold; and she did her best to restore his self-complacency under the ordeal; and then at last Pusa and Dot were tired of being umpires, and came to join the idlers. That did better, and they all went into the house shortly, and candes were brought in. and there was music.

It was evident that Oliver was destined to shine as much at the piano as on the lawn, Cecil, who had enjoyed her requet, being as good a player as any, now retreated to the soin and the society of her father-in-law—but Oliver was again in the front ranks of the performers. He had a sweet rich voice, the very voice to go with Kate's clear.

"I say," called his brother, probably in obedience to a singestion, "

was something Acrostics. Acrostics,
And Oliver had taken prizes at acrostics—think of
that! All the party had their heads together over
the paper which had just come in; and Eleanour
was absent from the room. Poor fanthony, he stood
apart in allent disampointment; and when she did

spear it was to be taxed sharply, "Do you understand what these things mean?"

"Not much?"

"Bo you'll the then?"

"He you'll the then?"

"The others, busy with their peacils and dictionaries, did not see the smille which chased away the cloud at this confession; and perhaps it was as well. One day he said to her, referring to the gay-colored group collected round his brother-Oliver. was aboving them a new way of esting subject to my mind, any woman who can, shoule; but to my mind, any woman who can, shoule; but to my mind, any woman who can, shoule; but to my mind, any woman who can, shoule always well of course she was pleased—it was impossible to disassociate the words from the look with which hey were accompanied—and Eleanour was hut human. She heard the past of the reading on the same day—there being nothing to prevent her doing so. The young onest were presently shouring over their game, and made such a noise that it was the most natural thing in the world for the soberninded to retreat out of a turning; the oaks, where there was fivays the salt smell of the see, even if there were no breeze to fan the branches.

At five o'clock only, they were hunted out, the precious document being then well out of sight; and no one thought of asking how their afternoom had been spent. Authory said it was time to go home, but sid not go, and finally they stayed till it was dust; and could hardly then be got away."

"But nothing has come of it," sighed Cocil, giving up at length the shoets of hope. Size wanted, and said done everything that fond and lyadroons champion could do to bring about an understanding—but with no result. Nothing, she was fain to confess, had come of it; and nothing was likely to come of it. The provoking part was, that the persons chiefly concerned seemed one and all most excellently saffined; but Eleanour had pledged her peritcipation in it by that smile, and now a look of sympathy would not be brought to see any beauty in the should not be brought to see any beauty in the should not be brought t

On the next morning, Cecil made one final attempt.

Anthony had to combat a few pensive complaints that they should leave her to go out with the fishermen on this their last evening; that considering neither one nor otherhad any reason—any fair, excellent, orthodox reason—for so doing, they should prefer to spend it in the company of the sisters, who had promised to be of the party, rather than with her.

She could not go, could not leave her little boys, since the nurse was away having a holiday; and it was a little hard to be left behind.

Why should not the girls have come over there, and they could have had tea out of doors, and a game, and a stroll along the shore afterward for such as could go? Thus she could have enjoyed their company, and yet have been at her post; combined duty and pleasure.

Of course she wanted them to please themselves, would not for worlds have tethered them to her side against their will; but considering that they had been at the Castle every day and all day long of late, it was really hardly necessary that they should be there to the last. So very late, too. They

inte, it was really hardly necessary that they should be there to the last. So very late, too. They would not be home till after midnight; and Alexander had a cold, as it was.

Alexander, however, protested against his cold being taken into account. It was the merest nothing; he had premised his sisters; it was a lovely evening, and Ceeli must remember that it was not often her brothers had the chance of seeing nets drhwn on a Highland loch.

He was quite cheery and genial on the subject; he was in excellent humor and spirita, reflecting that the next day he would have his house to himself; that the dreaded episode would have receded into the past; and that he had not failed in any part of his duty either as a relation or a host. The brothers had, indeed, drained his cup of hospitality to the full, and it was not probable that he would be soon called upon to fill another. Oliver but seldom obtained leave, and Anthony was not likely to come without him. For another year, at all events, he was safe.

He bustled about, making arrangements for the expedition; ordered dinner to be a full hour earlier than usual; provided coats and mufflers for every-body; and even recollected to take some extra rugs for his sistery feet. He was into the dog-cart with a school-boy's "who-oop" before Ceell could catch hold of him for a whispered caution.

"Alexander, just one word; see that Eleanour goes. She ought to be in one boat, and you in the other."

"Plaving propriety, ch? I'll see to it."

But either he forgot, or he did not find seeing to it so easy as he expected. Three boats instead of two had been provided, by whom it did not appear; and in the confusion the party got wrong sounchow, three of the grieg going off with Oliver, who was the dangerous man, leaving only Julia for her brother to look after, since Eleanour arrived late, and was hurried by her cavalier into the last boat, alone with him and the fishermen.

Her going was thus of no good to any one, Ceeli would have said; and she might just as well have been left at

friend—"

"The air grows cold," said Anthony after a while;
"let me draw the plaid closer; you must not catch
a chill."

All at once his tone takes the tender authority so All at once his tone takes the tender authority as exquisite to a woman's ear in the voice of the man she loves. "I am going to take charge of you now." continues he. "You are mine, say what you will, after this. Take your hand out of the water, Elea-

How different was the care with which he guarded her footsteps up over the alipppery taugle, to that with which he had escorted her down! Then it had been with a half-resolute, half-doubtful hund-fearful lest he should give offence, yet bent on hold-

w, all w

"Two hundred and thirteen head assess in no means had, that."

"Bad! It was excellent, first-rate. I have enjoyed an evening more."

"Well, then, to supper," said Alexander, a down with freshened color and hearity are "I like these jolly suppers afferward; the half the fun."

"So they are, upon my word."

"But you, Mr. Delamere, take your enjoy sadly, as they say Englishmen alway do, Miss Dot saucily. "Your poor beatmen mea found it rather triste with only you and Eleas We had such finnny sayings from our two. He and Ton—but we never heard a sound from quarter."

"Did you not? That was strange. We he plenty of sounds from yourn."

"I deresay; we were langhing all the time. you-did either of you ever laugh!"

"Only once. I told your sister to take her a out of the water for fear of cold, and she laugh at me?"

Dot stared.

"And I will laugh, or at least mails," coming the speaker boldly, "if you will do me the grand are behind. I have a fancy to sit there to will be a re behind. I have a fancy to sit there to will be tonishment of the one sister, nor the blash on other's cheek. They might all see new, if it chose; they had been blind mough before.

And blind they continued to be to the last. If the marble statue in the hall had auddenly seended from its purch and came ahongst them they could scarcely have been more amazed incredulous than when it was made known in way Eleanour!

And Anthony, whom they had passed to yourlooked, and yet meaning the process.

seended from its perch and came abnorges them althey could searcely have been more amaned incredulous than when it was made. In own in what way Eleanour had stepped down from her percentage of the control of the cont

resolved that, whatever she and Cecil might in private dare to hope for, there should be no attempt to engage his notice; no meetings without surveillance; nothing whatever inconsistent with sovere decorum. Her vigilance had relaxed only when it became so palpably unnecessary as to make continuation of it ridiculous.

Then came the awakening.
Only on the previous evening, only when he came out to her under the jessamine bower, while the others were dancing within, and said that which burst in upon her dream like the blast of a trumpet—only then had she guessed what all this was leading to.

burst in upon her dream like the blast of a trumpet—only then had she guessed what all this was leading to.

"If you had but let me do as I said," cried Eleanour, twixt laughing and sobbing. "if you had only allowed me to stay behind, he would never have had the chance of speaking a second time?"

She was subdued thenceforth beyond recovery. In the interval before the marriage took place, if ever a controlling frown crossed her brow, or a didactic word escaped her lipe, it was the signal for a jeer, a trunt, a smile of derision.

She was once more a bride ere the leaves were of the trees; and this time, of her complete and entire happiness no fears were entertained by anybody.

In Anthony she found equality of mind, congratality of temperament, and the concentrated altotion of a man who loves neither easily nor often. In her he experienced the charm of being united to intelligent companion; of being subject daily to the influence of a cheerful, unselfish disposition; and et being looked at across his own table by the finest eyes in the world.

The manuscript which was contraband at Criebton, was openly sent into the world from Blatchworth; and it may confidently be affirmed that it owed no small portion of its merits and its success to the assistance of its first critic. The attention it attracted, added to their own superiority of intellect and anilability of temper, soon obtained for Anthony and his wife any society they chose among the learned, the gifted and the witty; but having thus unexpectedly distinguished themselves before the world, it is clear that they can no longer claim to figure under the title of "non-performers."—

Blackwood.

THE CUNSULATION OF MARGARET.

THE CONSULATION OF MARGARET.

"An Admirer of Wordsworth" in The London World.
"At a meeting of the "Ladies" Dressmaking and Enbroidery Association, Dooter Lauder Brunton strong advocated plann needlework as a healthy employment for ladies, as it acted as a safety-valve for emotion, and for the daily wornes of life."—[The Queen. MARGARET loquitur.

"Late, late! How late! Yet let me not repine,
Though the small hours have passed, while still
he stays;
One constant consolation yet is mine;
One balm for wakeful nights and lonely days:
Whether he laughs, or drinks, or games, or firsts,
I still can sew the buttons on his shurts.

It was not always thus! When through the glade— Love in his touch, and passion in his ey.— Linked hand in hand, from morn till eve, we strayed. How swift the days of Margaret went by! Quick let me banish all these vain regrets By making little Mary's pantalettes.

Charles has the measles, Baby cuts a tooth;
The butcher for his money makes a row;
And Jane has given warning, since, foreseta
No followers I ever will allow.
Come, sweetest pile of stockings and of seeks
And steel my fortitude against these shocks!

Aid me, cut paper patterns! I'm bested!
Ye paletots with three capes, and toques
Ye babes' first shirts, with ditto fianne! (b. Olivia caps, and fichus, let me snatch
From thy sweet influence a brief repess;
Or in a dinner bodice lose my wees.

What though my purse be low, my tradesmen room
What though my husband sets me down a bam!
A Pierrot coller with a gauntlet cuff,
A sailor costume for a girl of four,
A Dolly Varien sprea and a cap.
Will steel my soul against each sad mishap."